OLUME XX. NEW YORK, JULY 7, 1892. NUMBER 497.

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GOOD REASON.

She: THAT ODIOUS MRS. NEWRITCH SEEMS TO THINK MORE OF HER DOG THAN OF HER BOY.

He: OH, WELL, THE DOG HAS A PEDIGREE.

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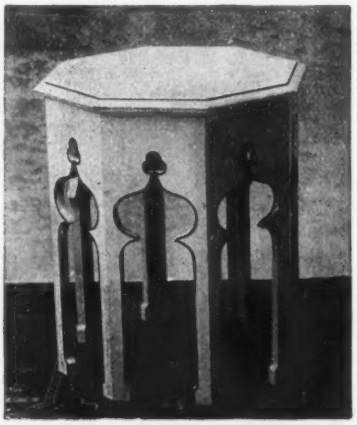


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VOLUME XX. · LIFE · NUMBER 497.



THE WORKING EDITOR AND THE SUMMER GIRL.

I HEAR the splash of ocean and the murmur of the hills,
The rolling of the rivers and the music of the rills;
I hear the wood-birds caroling their restless roundelays,
I feel the lazy languor of the coming Summer days.

I read delicious notices of mountains and of sea,
Where Summer time is such a time as Summer time should be;
I long with weary wistfulness to lay my labors down,
And for the God-made country give up the man-made town.

I hear a sweet seductive invitation from them all,
That beckons me, that welcomes me, that tempts me to my fall—
Yet I can dally at my desk and quite contented be,
If poets send no verses on the Summer Girl to me.

Will J. Lampton.





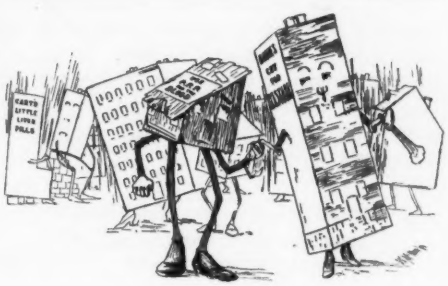
The Skipper: I SAY, GUV'NOR, YOU'D BE MORE COMFORTABLE IF YOU DIDN'T LIE ON YOUR STOMACH.

(*Feebly from the bottom of the boat*) "STOMACH—YES—FOLD IT UP PLEASE AND —PUT IT IN THE LINING OF MY HAT."

PROUD FATHER: We've had twins in our family on two occasions. You can't beat that, sir?

LITTLE MAN (*who hadn't spoken before*): Well, I don't know about that. My wife presented me the other day with triplets, and three of a kind beat two pair, don't they?

"WERE you upset by the bank failure?"
"Yes. I lost my balance."



A HOUSE PARTY.



"While there's Life there's Hope."

VOL. XX. JULY 7, 1892. No. 497.

28 West Twenty-Third Street, New York.

Published every Thursday. $5.00 a year in advance. Postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, $1.04 a year, extra. Single copies, 10 cents. Back numbers can be had by applying at this office. Single copies of Vols. I. and II. out of print. Vol. I., bound, $30.00; Vol. II., bound, $15.00. Back numbers, one year old, 25 cents per copy. Vols. III. to XVI., inclusive, bound or in flat numbers, at $10.00 per volume.

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IT would seem as though the time had arrived to write the political obituary of David B. Hill. If ever a candidate was snowed under Mr. Hill has been. The frost that he encountered at Chicago must by this time have penetrated to his bones, and he is doubtless fully aware of his political demise. LIFE would gladly be governed in his case by the charitable precept *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*, but unfortunately there is no good that can be spoken. Mr. Hill was the representative of about all that was vicious in American politics. No deal or combine that could advance his personal fortunes was beneath his favor. No class was too vile for him to cater to. He rewarded his appointees for violations of the law that inured to his advantage. He even prostituted the pardoning power to advance his cause.

It would be more charitable to let Mr. Hill sink silently into the oblivion he deserves, but his career should be emphatically called to the attention of other politicians of his school. The lesson is made stronger by the fact that Mr. Hill's successful opponent is the representative of a school of politics diametrically opposed to those of Mr. Hill. It seems to be a real triumph of political virtue over political vice. Mr. Cleveland may not be elected President, but Mr. Hill certainly has been quietly laid away among the back numbers of the Senate. *Requiescat in pace!*

* * *

IT was rather hard on the Hon. Joseph Chamberlain that he should be driven from a public platform because his brother had taken the chairmanship of an investigating committee which was to report on matters in which the chairman had a financial interest, but it is a fair instance of British intolerance of anything that looks like jobbery. Such a thing would not be likely to occur in this country, and we fear that, if it should, most people would rather admire the cleverness by which one of our Congressmen would direct the investigation of his own interests instead of intrusting the job to some one who might make an unfavorable report.

* * *



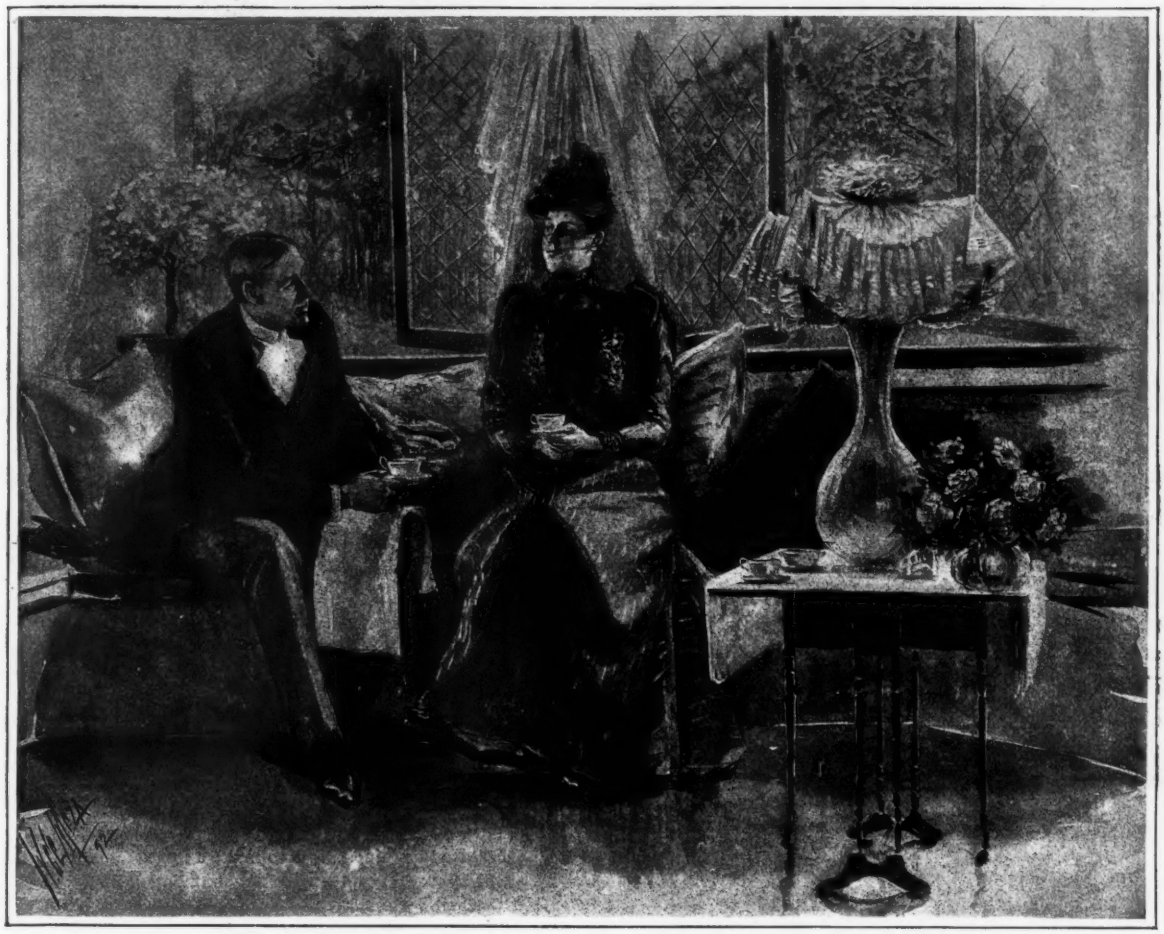
THE Niagara Falls hackman is a relic of the past along with the robber barons of the Rhine, the highwaymen of Hempstead Heath, the pirates of the Spanish Main and other historic cut-throats and pillagers. But if we believe the stories of visitors to the convention, the Chicago hackman has succeeded to the good-will and abilities of all of these industrious gentlemen. Here in New York we have a pretty fair article of hackman in the matter of extortion and brutality. Even a New York hackman though shrinks from imposing on a Tammany man. He finds himself in much the same position as the bunco steerer who attempted to fleece Jay Gould and he is glad to get away with his life. But the Chicago hackmen applied their energies to the Tammany crowd with such effect that the braves even forgot their defeat in the convention.

* * *



THEY say that the young woman who gained the tennis championship of the United States put up a game that outclassed that of a good many male players who rank high among the amateurs. This is only another illustration of the rapid advancement of the sex. When we stop to think that it is only about twenty-five years since woman began to be emancipated, industrially and otherwise, it will be seen that she has not really had much of a chance to show what she can do. Evolution hasn't even begun to get in its work yet, and the sex has had nothing like a fair opportunity to throw off the enervating handicap of centuries of coddling and belittlement. LIFE stands ready to wager a large, handsome doughnut that another half century will enable woman to escape the favorite reproach of misogynists to the effect that no woman has ever yet been really great in art, literature, science, or affairs. This gentry never stops to think that the woman of the past was what man made her. The woman of the future proposes to take that contract into her own hands and she has already made a fair start at it.

Keep at your tennis, girls. Develop your bodies as well as your minds, and some of you will be men before your brothers.



She: WHAT IS, ON THE WHOLE, THE FAVORITE STUDY AT COLLEGE?
The Youth: WELL, FOOT-BALL IS VERY POPULAR, BUT I PREFER TENNIS, BECAUSE IT IS THE MORE INTELLECTUAL.



BRIC-A-BRAC IS GOING OUT.

THAT IS LOVE.

I OCCUPIED the pew alone,
She sat right near to me.
What could I do? I had no change,
And so I dropped that V.

SOLOMON REFUTED.

"'A WISE son maketh a glad father.'"

"Not always. My boy was a wise son, married well, but he doesn't make a glad father. There are twins at his house."

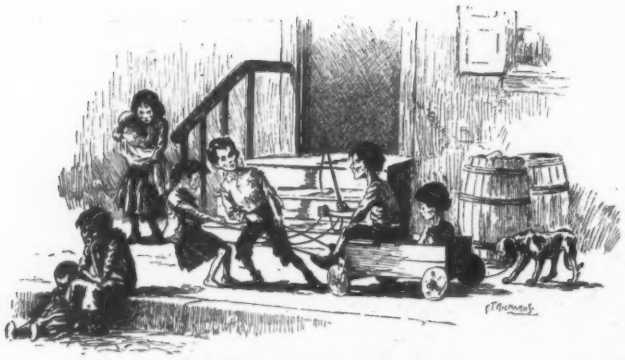
TROTTER: How wonderfully some girls improve after you've known them a season or two.

FOSTER: Yes—and how wonderfully some don't.

THEATRICAL TERMS.



A FLAT.



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NEW BOOKS.

POPULAR STUDIES OF NINETEENTH CENTURY POETS. By J. Marshall Mather. London and New York: Frederick Warne and Company.

Manitou Island. By M. G. McClelland. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

A Queen of Curds and Cream. By Dorothea Gerard. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

Why I'm Single. By Albert Ross. New York: G. W. Dillingham.

Estelle. By Mrs. Annie Edwards. New York: G. W. Dillingham.



A KNOWLEDGE OF POLITICAL METHODS.

"I SAY, CHOW CHOW, OUR SUNDAY SCHOOL IS GOIN' TER BUY A NEW COLLAR FOR DE DOG, SEE? AN' I'VE COME IN TER FIND OUT IF YOU WON'T CONTRIBUTE SUTHIN' TOWARDS IT. DON'T SAY NO, FOR ALL DE FELLERS IS OUTSIDE WID BRICKS IN DEIR FISTS!"



AN UNSATISFACTORY PURCHASE.

Lord A.: DON'T YOU THINK YOU OUGHT TO CALL ME "DEAR?"
His American Wife: YES; AT ANY PRICE.

R S. V. P.

IF "It takes nine tailors to make a man"
(Suppose I grant—we're only human),
How many dressmakers does it take
To make a fashionable woman?

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

PENELOPE TO MAMMA.

Dear Mamma:

Had two offers last night. They are just alike—that is the gentlemen who made them—both are handsome and rich. Have no preferences at all and will do just what you say. Which shall I accept?

Lovingly,

PEN.

MAMMA TO PENELOPE.

My Darling Daughter:

Accept both.

Ever fondly,

MAMMA.

SURFACE: What sort of a war record has General Bulger?

ROWLEY: About a mile in six minutes.

THE FUGITIVE THOUGHT.



WHEN scribbling late one night
I happened to alight
On the happiest thought I'd thought
For many a year.
I hailed it with delight,
But 'ere I'd time to write
My pencil had contrived
To disappear.

Where *could* the thing have gone?
I searched and searched upon
The table, and beneath it
And behind it.
I pushed my books about,
Turned my pockets inside out,
But the more I looked
The more I couldn't find it!





Then I searched and searched again
On the table, but in vain,
And I fussed and fumed
And felt about the floor.
And I rose up in my wroth,
And I shook the tablecloth,
And turned my pockets
Inside out once more!

"This will not do," I said,
"I *must not* lose my head!"
So I went and tore the cushions
From my chair,
Shook all my rugs and mats,
And shoes and coats and hats,
And crawled beneath the
Sofa in despair!

Then I said "I *must* keep cool!"
So I took my two foot rule
And I poked among the
Ashes in the grate.
And I paced my room in rage,
Like a wild beast in a cage,
In a furious, frightful, frantic
Frenzied state!





At last, upon my soul,
I lost my self-control
And indulged in language
Quite unfit to hear;
Till out of breath—I gasped
And clutched my head—and grasped
That pencil calmly resting on
My ear!

* * * *

Yes, I found that pencil stub!
But my thought—Aye, there's the rub!
In vain I try to call it
Back again.
It has fled beyond recall,
And what is worst of all
'Twill turn up in some
Other fellow's brain!



So I denounce forthwith
Any future Jones or Smith
Who thinks *my thought*—a
Plagiarist of the worst.
I shall know my thought again
When I hear it, and it's plain
It *must* be mine because
I thought it first!

Oliver Herford.

DAYLIGHT AHEAD.

HUSBAND: You know that necktie you got me yesterday? Well, I just got a telegram from home saying that my grandmother is at the point of death.

WIFE (*wringing her hands*): Oh, dear, dear! But what has the necktie got to do with it?

HUSBAND (*triumphantly*): Why, if she dies! won't have to wear it.

THE NUMBER LIMITED.

WIFE: I see your patent Aluminum Drop Remedy is advertised to cure just twenty-five diseases.

HUSBAND (*patent medicine proprietor*): That's all I could get into half a column.



A LONG TIME BETWEEN DRINKS.



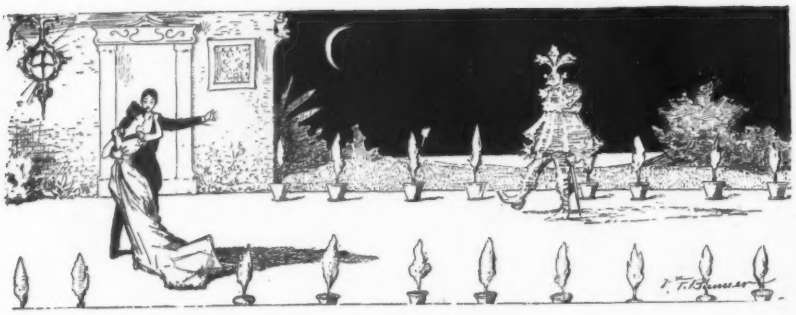
IN LEAP YEAR.

THE LADIES, AFTER A LITTLE WINE AND TOBACCO IN THE



IN LEAP YEAR.

AND TOBACCO. THE GENTLEMEN IN THE DRAWING-ROOM.



"MONTGOMERY, WHAT IS THAT SPECTRAL FIGURE?"

"DO NOT BE ALARMED EMILY. I WAS DETERMINED THAT WHEN WE BEGAN OUR MARRIED LIFE OUR NEWPORT COTTAGE SHOULD BE AS THOROUGHLY ENGLISH AS POSSIBLE. I HAVE INDUCED THE EARL OF HOLYOAKES, WHOSE ESTATE IS SERIOUSLY EMBARRASSED, TO PART WITH THE GHOST OF HIS ANCESTOR, LORD GUY DE HIGHFLYER, WHO WAS MURDERED BY THE EARL OF DENTMOOR, AND FOREVER AFTER HIS DEATH WALKED UP AND DOWN THE AVENUE OF POPLARS, NEAR THE CASTLE. THE POPLARS I HAVE SET OUT ARE NOT FULLY GROWN, AND LORD GUY IS NOT THOROUGHLY ACCLIMATED, BUT O! EMILY, I FEEL THAT OUR POSITION IN SOCIETY IS ASSURED!"

A PARABLE.

NOW just without the gates of Paradise
A green field lies, mid groves and streams. In this
The shades of horses worn in service here
Do graze in peace, and drink the waters clear,
In state of equine bliss.

As once Saint Peter barred a spirit's way—
(Conscience-accused of many kinds of sin),
Out spake a stage-horse phantom, "This man, lo,
Walked, rather than increase my earthly woe!"
Then cried the Saint, "Come in!"

Judith Spencer.

A BETTER TRADE.

"JOHN," the boot-black who has imparted a very considerable amount of polish to my appearance for the last few years, has just returned from a six months' visit to his native land.

Whether he spent the long days of the soft Italian winter on the sunny slopes of the Riviera, or lounging under the olive trees on his paternal estate, or energetically "promoting" a macaroni trust on the American plan, I have no means of knowing. But I was very glad to welcome him back, and to find that he was not above speaking to his old friends. No one else guides the swiftly flying brushes as lightly over my pet corns as he does.

Still, I thought a little bitterly, as he came into the office to-day, of the elaborate vacation he had been enjoying on the insignificant little coins I was in the habit of dealing out to him, while I plodded along at the same old desk, without change or respite. He seemed to be able to extract more fun out of nickels than I could out of dollars.

"Well, John," I said, as I planted my foot upon the box he placed in front of me; "so you came back, after all."

"Oh, yes, me come-a back."

"What did you do that for; why didn't you stay there?"

"Me lika-a this countra better."

"Well, that's patriotic, anyway. I suppose you're an American; do you vote?"

"Not-a now; me get-a civilized 'fore next-a 'lection."

"Oh, of course you have to be 'civilized' before you can vote; except in 'de Ate.' But did you have a good time and spend all those nickels and dimes I've been giving you?"

"No, not spend-a all; no got broke-a, but—" and his chest swelled with the air of a man who knows he has cause for pride but strives to conceal it—"It cost-a me two hundred dollars."

"Did that include all your expenses?"

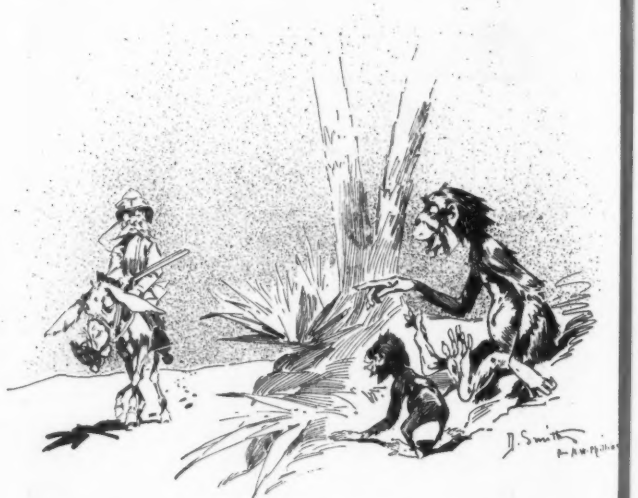
"Yes, all-a."

"Now, I suppose you'll write a book about your travels?" I asked, as he rose to go.

"No; me no write a book," he replied scornfully; "make-a more money by black-a de boots."

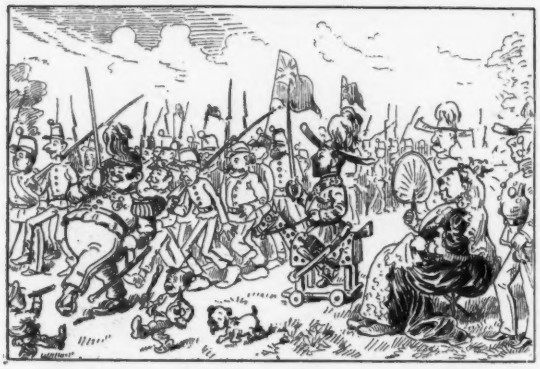
"John," said I; "You have a remarkable intellectual development for a man in your station of life. How much did that kit of yours cost? By Jove, I'll buy one myself!"

Harry Romaine.

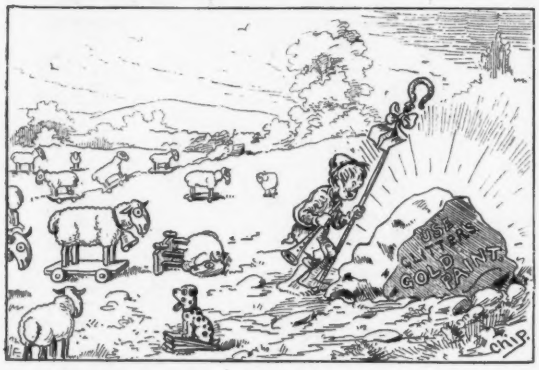


The Old Chimpanzee: THERE, THERE, MY CHILD, DON'T BE FRIGHTENED. THAT JUST SHOWS YOU WHAT WE'VE ESCAPED EVOLUTING INTO.

ANNIVERSARIES OF THE WEEK.



JULY 5, 1872.
REVIEW OF 14,000 MEN BY THE QUEEN AT ALDERSHOT.



JULY 9, 1851.
A SHEPHERD IN NEW SOUTH WALES DISCOVERS A MASS OF GOLD WEIGHING 112 POUNDS.



OLD DOCTOR: No, sir. I never have a patient die on my hands—never.

YOUNG DOCTOR: How do you manage it?

OLD DOCTOR: When I find a man is going to die I get him to call a specialist.

FIRST CHAPPIE: I say, Barney, do y' take a cold bawth in the mawning now?

SECOND DITTO: No; I don't take it cold any more, old chap. I tried it for a time, but it disagweed with me so very much that I stopped. There's so many other English things one can do, you know.



A NATURAL MYSTERY.

"JOHN, WE MUST RENT ANOTHER HOUSE."

"WHY?"

"EVERY NIGHT I CAN HEAR GHOSTLY SIGHING AND WHISTLING. IT SEEMS TO COME FROM THE PIPES, AND I BELIEVE THE PLACE IS HAUNTED."

"SHOULDN'T WONDER. THE FORMER OWNER DROPPED DEAD WITH THE PLUMBER'S BILL IN HIS HAND."

OLD PHELAN: What is yer workin' at, Paddy?

PADDY: Oi ain't workin'; I quit.

OLD PHELAN: Where was yer workin'?

PADDY: For Squire Briggs.

OLD PHELAN: What did yer get?

PADDY: A dollar and a half a day.

OLD PHELAN: Wet and dry?

PADDY: Yis.

OLD PHELAN: Why did yer quit?

PADDY: The Squire called me a domd fool.

OLD PHELAN: An' yer got one fifty a day, wet and dry, and yer quit?

PADDY: Oi did.

OLD PHELAN: Then yer were a domd fool.

"HOW did you lose all your teeth? Been in a fight?"

"No. I gave Bridget, the cook, notice to leave, and she put dynamite in the muffins this morning."

SHE HAD FORGOTTEN.

AFTER she had made her purchases and had informed the clerk as to the address to which they should be sent, she picked up her purse with her left hand and placed her parasol across her left arm, gazing the while over the counter and floor as if in search of something else.

"Excuse me, miss," ventured the clerk; "but have you mislaid anything?"

"I am sure I don't know," she replied; "but when I entered the store I am positive that I carried something in my right hand."

"Did you not have your parasol or purse in your right hand?"

"No; for I recollect very distinctly that I carried my purse in my left hand and the parasol on my left arm, as you see them now."

"It is very strange," remarked the clerk with a troubled expression on his face, as he searched under the different pieces of fabric strewn over the counter.

"I cannot imagine what it was," she remarked, musingly, as she placed a small gloved hand to her chin and gazed into space. "I am positive it was something, and I feel lost without it."

"I am unable to find anything here," came the muffled voice of the clerk from under the counter, whither he had dropped a few seconds before with the faint hope of being able to find the missing he knew not what.

"Oh, I know now what it was," she gleefully exclaimed, as a pretty flush overspread her face, "It was this."

As the clerk's head bobbed up from behind the counter, like a Jack-in-the-box, she, with a graceful sweep of her shapely right arm, clutched a handful of her skirt in the back, and smilingly took her departure. *Harvey Brown, Jr.*

AN INTERRUPTED MEAL.



Tramp (*who was about to eat Nab's dinner*): WON'T YOU TAKE A SEAT?



Nab: YES; BUT NOT THAT ONE.



AN ETHICAL POINT.

Farmer Hardcase (*whose pigs have turned back on him*): —— ! ! —— ! ! ! —— ‡ ‡ —— ? ? —— † † † —— ! ! ! —— * !

The Reverend Gentleman: MY GOOD MAN! THERE IS NO NECESSITY FOR SUCH LANGUAGE.

Farmer Hardcase: WHAT THE H——L DO YOU KNOW ABOUT IT? YOU'VE NEVER DRUV HOGS!



In a Philadelphia court-room, during the trial of an important suit involving certain franchises, Benjamin Brewster, afterward Attorney-General of the United States, was then the chief counsel of the Pennsylvania Company. Brewster was a frightfully ugly man, on account of a terrible disfigurement of his face from burns; but, intellectually, he was a giant, and, in deportment, a Chesterfield. He was extremely sensitive concerning his facial misfortune, but never referred to it. The trial was a bitterly contested affair, and Brewster, at every point, got so much the best of the opposing counsel that by the time the arguments commenced, his leading adversary was in a white heat. In denouncing the railroad company, this lawyer, with voice tremulous with anger, exclaimed:

"This grasping corporation is as dark, devious, and scarified in its methods as is the face of its chief attorney and henchman, Benjamin Brewster!" This violent outburst of rage and cruel invective was followed by a breathless stillness in the crowded court-room that was painful. Hundreds of pitying eyes were riveted on the poor, scarred face of Brewster, who slowly arose and spoke something like this to the court:

"Your honor, in all my career as a lawyer, I have never dealt in personalities; nor did I ever before feel called upon to explain the cause of my physical misfortune; but I will do so now. When a boy, while playing around an open fire, one day, with a little sister, just beginning to toddle, she fell into the roaring flames. I rushed to her rescue, pulled her out before she was seriously hurt, and fell into the fire myself. When they took me out of the coals my face was as black as that man's heart."

The last sentence had an electrical effect, and the applause that greeted it was superb; but, in an instant, turned to the most contemptuous hisses directed at the lawyer who had so cruelly insulted him.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

MISTRESS (*to new housemaid, fresh from the country*): Now, see, Mary, this is the way to light the gas. You turn on this little tap, so, and then apply the match, so. You understand?

NEW HOUSEMAID: Yes, ma'am; quite, ma'am.

MISTRESS (*next morning*): Why, what a horrible smell of gas! Where can it come from? We shall all be suffocated!

NEW HOUSEMAID (*with much pride*): Please, ma'am, what shall I do next? I've made all the beds, and dusted the room, and turned on all the gases ready for the night, and——.—*Boston Globe.*

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TEACHER: By reptiles we mean such creatures as creep along the ground. Can you name one as an example, Adolf?

ADOLF: Yes; my little brother?—*Fremdenblatt.*

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